



STAGE DIRECTION.—Brown has been persuaded to follow Otter-hounds accompanied by Mrs. Brown. After a blank day they have got separated from the rest of the Party, and have been unable to obtain refreshments. It is beginning to rain heavily, they are ten miles from home, five from the railway station, and Mrs. Brown is too tired to walk a step further.

Brown (with fervour). "IF ANY ONE TALKS TO ME AGAIN OF OTTER-HUNTING, I'LL SHOOT HIM!"

### A LITTLE DRIVE IN IRELAND.

We have seen Valencia Island—the drive all round, the distant view towards New York, the American cable office, the gigantic fuchsia, and the excellent little hotel, which is a model of good management for all the improving hotels in Ireland—so on we go. Our destination is Parknasilla, which is reached by road, under the tender care of the Irish Development Syndicate. I suggest telegraphing for rooms. My friends say it is needless. Suppose we did not go all the way. Suppose we changed our minds. We do not telegraph.

We cross in the ferry to Valencia Harbour, duly admiring the shed of wood and corrugated iron which is the westernmost station in Europe. Thence to Cahirciveen, where we shall find the well-appointed coach of the Development Syndicate. The weather is fine. We look forward to a delightful drive of thirty-two miles, and we hurry out of the station to find the coach. There is none. But there is a *char-à-banc*, a very jolting *char*, with extremely narrow and uncomfortable *bancs*, on which we climb dolefully. The four horses go off as fast as their feeble condition allows. The town is hideous; the landscape beyond is uninteresting. We begin to doubt as to the pleasure of the drive, though the weather is fine. However, the driver, a smart, neatly-dressed fellow, cheers us by the news of better things at Waterville, half-way along the road. "Ye'll have a finer coach," says he, "and a finer coachman, Sorr."

So after two hours we drive briskly into the garden of the hotel at Waterville, and all get down. There is no coach visible. At one side of the drive stands a shabby, dilapidated *char-à-banc*, exactly the sort of thing which goes round a country town on the arrival of a circus, carrying the band, with the big drum on the hindmost seat and showers of handbills scattered around. Only in no circus band-car were there ever such very extraordinary horses as the angular pair in this

unattractive conveyance. We suppose it is intended for the luggage. On the contrary, it is intended for us. It is the well-appointed coach provided by the Development Syndicate. It holds, at a push, twelve persons tightly squeezed. There are exactly twelve going. This seems to imply that the luggage will be left behind. Not at all. It is tied on by ropes at the back. A lumbering conveyance, a mass of luggage, and twelve passengers, perhaps about three tons altogether, to be dragged fifteen miles, mostly up-hill, by two extraordinary horses. The imitation of the circus might at least extend to the use of six such horses, or even eight. If there is any Irish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the Development Syndicate should be invited to explain their arrangements to that society's satisfaction.

As the unhappy horses crawl up the first hill, it begins to rain. The Syndicate provides no cover for the luggage, so the rain soaks gently through any opening into the passengers' clothes. It drips from one passenger's umbrella down another's neck; it lies in pools on their laps. We enjoy a magnificent view of the umbrellas in front. The scenery is evidently grand and beautiful, but we hardly see it. At the end of fifteen miles the remarkable horses are changed for two animals if possible more extraordinary. On we go in the rain, and gradually in the dark. We are cramped, and cold, and cross. We wish we had never left the friendly shelter of the excellent carriages of the Great Southern and Western Railway.

At last, three quarters of an hour late, we drive up to the hotel at Parknasilla. We have done the thirty-two miles in six hours. Our stiffened limbs are extricated from between the narrow benches, our drenched luggage is untied, the unfortunate horses are led away, let us hope to a well deserved rest, and we go into the light and warmth and cheerfulness of the hotel. There is one room vacant, for my friend and his wife. There is none for me! It was they who prevented me from telegraphing in the morning, and it is they who secure the last room. They do not even offer to give it up to me. Some people are so selfish.

However, I bear it meekly, and later on sleep perfectly in a temporary bed in the spacious cooling-room of the Turkish bath. The next day I find that the hotel is beautifully situated and admirably managed. But however good an hotel may be, no one could wish to travel to it by the conveyances of the Development Syndicate. The forcible language of two priests, jovial, good-natured fellow-travellers roused to indignation by the condition of the horses and the "coaches," would deserve the attention of this company. If the Syndicate wishes to compete with the diligences of Switzerland, a country more easily reached from London than Kerry is, the conveyances must be improved, even if the fares are raised. The Syndicate cannot change the climate, but it can change the horses.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

### THE RIGHT AND WRONG OF IT AT PLYMOUTH.

(From a Trades Unionist.)

[Lord MOUNT EDGCUMBE was severely censured by the Trades Unionist Congress at Plymouth, because, having a garden party on the same day on which the delegates were invited to his grounds, they were requested to allow him the privacy of his own lawn.]

I'm an 'orny 'anded working man, wot earns 'is daily bread,  
And I don't care whence the butter comes which on my crust is spread,

For I'm as good as any man and more if wot is true,  
That Nature's noblemen are bred where angels never flew.  
Well, down in Plymouth town we went to 'ave our bit of say,  
And 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer was the order of the day,  
There was PICKARD, there was TILLET, there was "Austin  
Friars" CLERY,

Wot all spoke up for working men in langwidge cheery-beery  
About the conduct of an Earl which 'is surname is MOUNT  
EDGCUMBE,

The sort of bloke wot didn't know we'd make the edge of wedge  
come;

He'd given us a licence to explore his bloomin' Park,  
And P., and T., and C. said, "Well, this is a blessed lark,  
For he's treated us as if we're a lot of silly snobs,  
Forbiddin' us the privilege of mixing with the nobs.  
So we'll pass a vote of censure on this most outrageous peer,  
And let 'im know that Englishmen expect 'is guests to clear  
Whenever bold Trades Unionists assemble in their might,  
For that Park, of course, that's 'is by wrong, is our's, of  
course, by right!"



### DAUGHTERS OF SCIENCE.

*British Association (to her sister of another land). "We, at least, can meet with neighbourly cordiality."*

G. S.

## PRIVATE VIEWS.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

## SUZERAIN.

THE SULTAN is a happy man,  
In spite of things Armenian.  
Oh, clash the cymbals, beat the drums;  
From Sheffield ASHMEAD BARTLETT comes.  
No Turkish can he understand,  
But grasps the SULTAN by the hand,  
And gets, while lesser folk despair,  
Some nice concessions here and there.  
And, lo, from Berlin, on the wings  
Of love, come photographs and things,  
And letters signed and written by  
"Your brother, WILHELM, R. et L.,"  
Who tells, like men who write to cronies,  
How much the princelets like their ponies,  
The SULTAN's gift, and how "my wife  
Was never better in her life:  
She wears the necklace—pearl and opal—  
You gave her in Constantinople,  
And always thinks, when most forlorn,  
Of you and of the Golden Horn,  
And all the joyous days we spent  
With Turkey's pride and ornament."  
Then, too, the TSAR—whom Heaven de-  
fend!—

He is the SULTAN's loving friend.  
He does not think the SULTAN cruel;  
He sends him every sort of jewel;  
And stars, and many a Russian order  
Go trickling over Turkey's border,  
And great green jars of malachite,  
And licences to shoot at sight,  
And chop into a perfect hash,  
Christians and all that kind of trash.  
Therefore, I said, and say again,  
Since what I said I will maintain,  
That in despite of plot and plan  
The SULTAN is a happy man.  
Now why is this, and why are we,  
The British rulers of the sea,  
So miserably sunk in woe  
That Mr. KRÜGER flouts us so,  
That everything we take in hand,  
From Greenland to the coral strand,—  
Whether our citizens design a  
New railway in the heart of China,  
Or tender, tempted by the SIRDAR,  
For railway bridge with truss and girder,—  
Is doomed, in spite of all we do,  
To fail? I cannot say; can you?

Eureka! here's the secret plain—  
The SULTAN is a SUZERAIN.  
To power in Bulgaria  
Long since the SULTAN said ta-ta.  
From Crete, with aspect something flurried,  
Lately the SULTAN's forces hurried—  
But still their SUZERAIN is he,  
And therefore happy: Q.E.D.

And that is why with might and main  
We're trying to be SUZERAIN.  
Something in our rough island story  
Is lacking to our perfect glory;  
Something to make us equal to  
The SULTAN and his Turkish crew,  
A shade, a jot, a tiny touch  
(We'll get it from the Transvaal Dutch),  
A something which, though Boers may  
chafe,  
Shall make us absolutely safe,  
And base unmoved by foreign shocks  
Our world-wide rule upon the rocks.  
So down with Uncle KRÜGER's babble!  
Down with the Boers and all their rabble!  
Down with each traitor who impedes  
The one thing that our country needs!  
And up with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN,  
Who says we must be SUZERAIN!



'ARRY IN 'OLLAND.

"THESE 'ERE CIGARS AT THREE A 'NA PENNY 'AS JUST AS DELICATE A FLAVOUR AS THEM  
AS WE PAYS A PENNY A PIECE FOR AT 'OME!"

## THE MODERN CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

(Fragment from a Criminal Romance.)

THE burglar had so far been successful. He had broken open the safe and transferred its contents to his pocket without disturbing the household. He had come down the creaking stairs with less than the customary noise. He was in sight of the street door, which, once opened, passed, and closed, would lead to freedom.

It was a pleasant prospect.

"It will delight my wife and little ones," he murmured. "With the proceeds of this night's work I shall be able to take them a trip to the Continent."

Then he walked forward and opened the street door. In a moment he was seized by mechanical hands, and found himself manacled.

"Confound it," he cried, "I had forgotten that recently patented novelty—the automatic policeman!"

## TOO SHORT.

["It is rumoured that two or three ladies in London intend to found a club for women, of which the condition of membership will be that any fair applicant must be quite six feet in height."]

You may consider it is hard  
That from our club you are debarred,  
You sigh.  
Perceiving you are in this fix  
You cannot join unless you're six  
Feet high.

Your heels may be of such a height  
That for six feet you say, you might  
Well pass;  
But, if not six feet in your hose,  
Against you must our portals close,  
Alas!

For our committee draw the line,  
And tho' they draw it rather fine,  
Don't laugh.

For you can never join our band  
Since you're five feet eleven and  
A half.



## A DIPLOMATIST.

"GRANDPAPA, IT IS VERY KIND OF YOU TO TAKE ME OUT FOR A WALK, AND, AS I'VE GOT A PENNY, I SHOULD LIKE TO GIVE YOU A PRESENT. YOU CAN EITHER HAVE SOME FLOWERS OR SOME SWEETS. BUT I SHOULD RECOMMEND YOU TO HAVE THE SWEETS."

## A TOUGH ARTICLE.

(By an Interviewer of the Future.)

I was told he was a bully. Well, I could perhaps meet him on his own ground. He said he would not see me. This was an interference with my business. I am an interviewer, and I had received orders to interview him. So I presented myself at his house and demanded admittance. My entrance was barred. But I am more than a match for a puny page—a chap in buttons—and I proved it.

I rushed into his study. He was up in a moment ready to grasp me, and, if possible, hurl me to the ground.

"You come of Christian parents?"

We closed and struggled. But I got him down at last, and put my foot on his throat. Then I repeated the question, "You come of Christian parents?"

"Yes," he gurgled out, and then I released him.

But I was foolish. He sprang upon me like a tiger.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an affectionate husband?"

We were struggling for dear life. He was edging up to a decanter with which I could brain him, if necessary.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an



Dutch Doll (to high-class French ditto). "I hear you're being boycotted in the Lowther Arcade already."

affectionate husband?" I repeated. "You brute, you shall answer me!"

I held him by the throat. He turned black in the face. Then I cried to him that I would let him live if he replied. He nodded feebly.

"You are a kind-hearted father and an affectionate husband?"

"Yes," he gasped out, and lay still, panting.

"You have spent a fortune on the poor?"

He had recovered his strength and was on me once more. He sprang at me like a panther, and again we were grasped in a deadly grip.

"You murderous villain!" I cried, raining blows upon his face with my disengaged fist. "I will have the truth out of you if I die for it. You have spent a fortune upon the poor?"

Once again we fought like demons. Then he fell down in a dead faint. He spoke no more. I felt his pulse. He lived. He would recover. At least that was my hope.

Then I picked up a book of reference, worked in his life, and sketched the surroundings.

"He ought to have taken his interviewing quietly," I murmured, as I quitted the room. "But I had to do it, and I have done it!" And so I left him.

## TO FRANCE.

(In memory of the verdict of Rennes.)

NOT when, at close of that disastrous day,  
The downward charge of England's gathered might  
Broke on your veteran barriers outworn  
With the long equal fight,  
And in a little hour  
The dear-won glory of NAPOLÉON's power  
Passed as a sunset cloud,  
Swept with the mist of battle-smoke away—  
Not then with other shame your head was bowed  
Than such as they may know,  
Great warriors who have borne  
To front the onset of a greater foe.

Not when the Prussian leaguer fenced you fast,  
And forth from Sedan's stricken gates  
A watching world aghast  
Beheld you yield the very flower of France,  
Ill-ordered, ill-controlled, with none for guide,  
Untaught to fight at odds against the Fates;—  
Not when through Paris, crown of Europe's pride,  
Low in the dust with all her splendour spoiled,  
Ringed round, those many months, with famine and flame,  
Forlorn her faith in God, her courage foiled,  
Over your dead with glittering lance  
The conquering Uhlan leapt;—  
Not then we left you lonely in your shame;  
We wept with you that wept.

And from that ruin how you rose again,  
Indomitably crushing down despair,  
Resilient by your energy of race,  
Washing your scarred escutcheon clear of stain,  
And met the world once more with shining face,  
We saw, and welcomed this new birth,  
Eager your triumph, as your shame, to share.

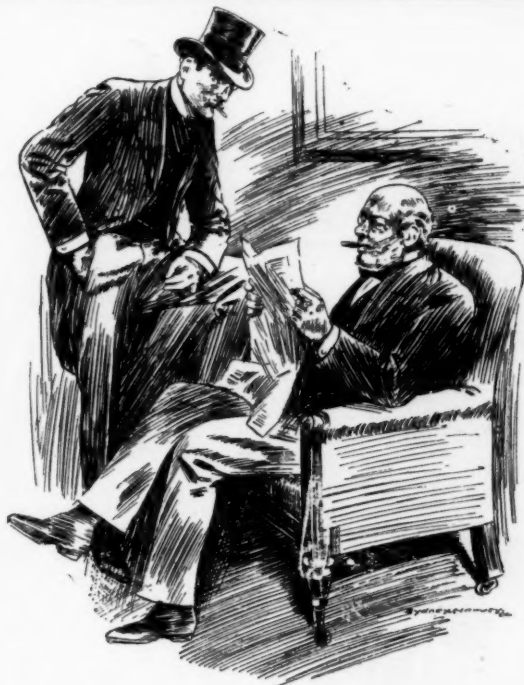
But now!—but now! We turn away our eyes.  
What thing is this that walks in open day  
Flaunting before the nations of the earth?  
This wanton, masquerading in the guise  
Of Justice lying somewhere dazed and drugged,  
Work of her bravos, bullies in her pay,  
Scum of the gutter, heroes after dark,  
Handy behind the scenes;  
Equipped for secret service with the means  
To silence honest watch-dogs when they bark?  
This is that France, too sensitive to bear  
Of late the lightest whisper on the air  
Of outrage to her honour, this that now  
Goes in the pride of shame with shameless brow,  
Spurned and she answers back with shoulders shrugged;  
And, as in mockery of her sacred name  
Whose robe she sullies, makes pretence  
Of doling pardon out to innocence;  
Magnanimously waiving further claim  
To brutalize the man whose worst offence  
Against his country wrought  
Was that he served her well before her shame,  
And dared to keep the faith his fathers taught.

Who speaks of pardon? Nay, for France there's none,  
Nor can be never till the damned blot  
Be wiped away and expiation done.  
Then, not till then,  
May be renewed the bonds that once have been,  
Since we, whatever else, are honest men.  
Meanwhile, we know you not!  
Go, hide your face until your heart is clean.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*The Archdeacon's Daughter, and Other Stories* (DIGBY LONG & Co.), by G. A. MUSGRAVE, is a very amusing collection. But of the three, the first, which gives the book its title, is the freshest and the best. The second, "The Lying of Mr. Black," being the career of a third-class Barry Lyndon, is cleverly told, but the incidents are somewhat crowded and confused. "The Lost Ring" is a good idea, but the author has failed to make the most of his own self-provided materials. The book is well worth reading, if only for the sake of the first story in it, at least, so thinks and says the candid

BARON DE B.-W.



*The Hon. Be tie.* "SAY, SIR GEORGE, WISH YOU'D LEND ME A FIVER. LET YOU HAVE IT BACK WITHOUT FAIL END OF NOVEMBER." *Sir George (who has been had before—dubiously).* "UM! END OF NOVEMBER! ANY PARTICULAR YEAR?"

## SOME FURTHER SELF-DENYING ORDINANCES.

To be observed by those who wish to testify their righteous indignation at the Rennes verdict by boycotting next year's Paris Exposition, and in the most material and convincing manner to bring about the complete rehabilitation of the unfortunate prisoner.

It is proposed—

That no more French leave shall be taken by individuals desirous of absenting themselves from their duties or annexing other persons' property. Undergraduates will faithfully attend every lecture, city clerks will bury no more aunts, cooks will cease to entertain policemen, and there will be a close time for burglary, kleptomania and kissing under the mistletoe.

That the use of French chalk shall be abandoned in ball-rooms, and dancing given up altogether, except on village greens.

That "Frenchmen," alias red-legged partridges, shall be shot on sight, and given to the retriever to eat.

That elbow-grease shall be substituted for French polish.

That French beans shall be cut and given the cold shoulder at table.

That the French language (which at the present moment chiefly consists of the verb *consuer*) shall be tabooed, except in the case of solecisms like *nom de plume*, *double entendre*, *à l'outrance*, and so forth. *Café, coupé* and similar words shall be pronounced "caif," "coop," etc., as in Canada. Depot shall be "depott"; *sang froid, au revoir, tableaux vivants* and the like shall be similarly Anglicised. Boulogne to be called "Boolong," if mentioned at all, which is inadvisable. No more bull-fights to be attended.

That French grey shall in future mean, as circumstances demand, either black or white.

PERSONS WHO CHEAT THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.—Those who are "doing time."

SPEECHLESS (after the Long Vacation).—The briefless barrister.

SCARCELY SHARP.—A Flat refusal from the Boers.



### SOMETHING LIKE A BOYCOTT.

*Jim.* "WELL, YOU MARK MY WORDS—THEY WOWN'T KETCH ME PATRONISIN' THEIR BLOOMIN' EXHIBITION!"

*Bill.* "NOW, NOR YET ME NEITHER! AN' I'LL TELL YER WOT'S MORE—I'VE SWORN ORF FRENCH SHEMPINE!"

### SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

#### III.—IN A POET'S STUDY.

DON'T feel at all inclined for work this afternoon. However, must try to knock off a few lines for the *Piccadilly Gazette*—usual soulful, melancholy kind. . . . Must concentrate my mind upon them. . . . Well. . . . Perhaps. . . . Yes, I do believe I ought to have trumped that king instead of. . . . Hullo! This won't do. Thinking of last night's whist. Must really get to work on that poem. How about title? Something vague and non-committal, for choice. . . . "Study"? "Reverie"? "Interlude"? Yes, that'll do—we'll call it "Interlude." Now to pile on the agony. Wish I didn't feel so beastly cheerful to-day! However,

here goes. . . . "By melancholy grief oppressed"—rather common-place that. Ah, obsessed, that's a much better word, quite modern and decadent. . . . "By melancholy grief obsessed, My soul is stirred in wild unrest." . . . Good! . . . "And conscious of her countless ills, Seeks solace in." . . . Must alter that. Suggests "digestive pills" as the rhyme. "ills," "fills," "kills," "hills"—nothing very promising; better try back a bit. "And conscious of unceasing care"—ah, that's it—"Shrinks from the all-monotonous fare." . . . That reminds me, our landlady has given us mackerel for breakfast every day this week. My wife will have to speak about it. . . . Where was I? Oh, yes—"The all-monotonous fare, Of fancied pleasure, false delight, Which charms the vulgar appetite." . . . Old JOHNSON gave

us a really first-class dinner last night. Wonder if he'd let me have the recipe for that curry? . . . "For her avails no remedy But some mysterious harmony." There's another German band! That's the worst of these seaside places; you get this confounded music from morning to night. . . . "Soft as the pulsing wave" ("pulsing wave" is excellent!) "which flows." . . . What comes next? Very odd how inspiration seems cut off at the meter half-way through a couplet. However, will look at the sea from the window and observe for myself. . . . TENNYSON's plan, I believe. . . . "The pulsing wave which flows"—how? Much as usual, as far as I can see. Only feature at present in the foreground is a large-sized woman wringing out bathing garments. Not at all poetic. . . . "The pulsing wave which flows Around the bathing-woman's toes"? That won't do. . . . Better leave that verse for the present. . . . Yes, of course they may go up again. . . . Still, I'm half inclined to sell. Wonder what JONES would advise? . . . Oh, bother those wretched shares, I really must get on with my verses. Another four lines ought to finish them. . . . Let's see. . . . "The fleeting hours go swiftly by, And—something, something—misery." Only four syllables wanted. Try again. "The fleeting hours." . . . By jove! I promised to play tennis with the BOLTONS at four o'clock, and it's quarter-to now. So no more work to-day, and the *Piccadilly Gazette* will have to wait for its rhymes!

### THE CRY OF THE BABIES.

[The Newington Vestry has issued a special warning to the mothers of the district to the effect that cheese, beer, and tea are bad for babies.]—*The Globe*.]

#### First Baby.

WHAT is a poor baby to do?

He'd better by far be a deader,  
For this meddlesome vestry taboo  
The pleasures of Stilton and Cheddar.  
They say that a diet of cheese  
A rational child should eschew—  
Was ever such stuff, if you please?  
What is a poor baby to do?

#### Second Baby.

What is a poor baby to quaff?  
From my earliest moments I hankered  
For the frothy delights of "four-alf"  
Served up in a glittering tankard;  
And now they would ply me with pap!  
What's pap to a fellow of two?  
Was ever so luckless a chap?  
What is a poor baby to do?

#### Third Baby.

As for me, I had always a goût  
For tea that has simmered for too long,  
And dearly I love a good brew  
Of the bitter black tannin of Oolong.  
But now I am told that they think  
Of giving us humanised—ugh!  
What stuff for a fellow to drink!  
What is a poor baby to do?

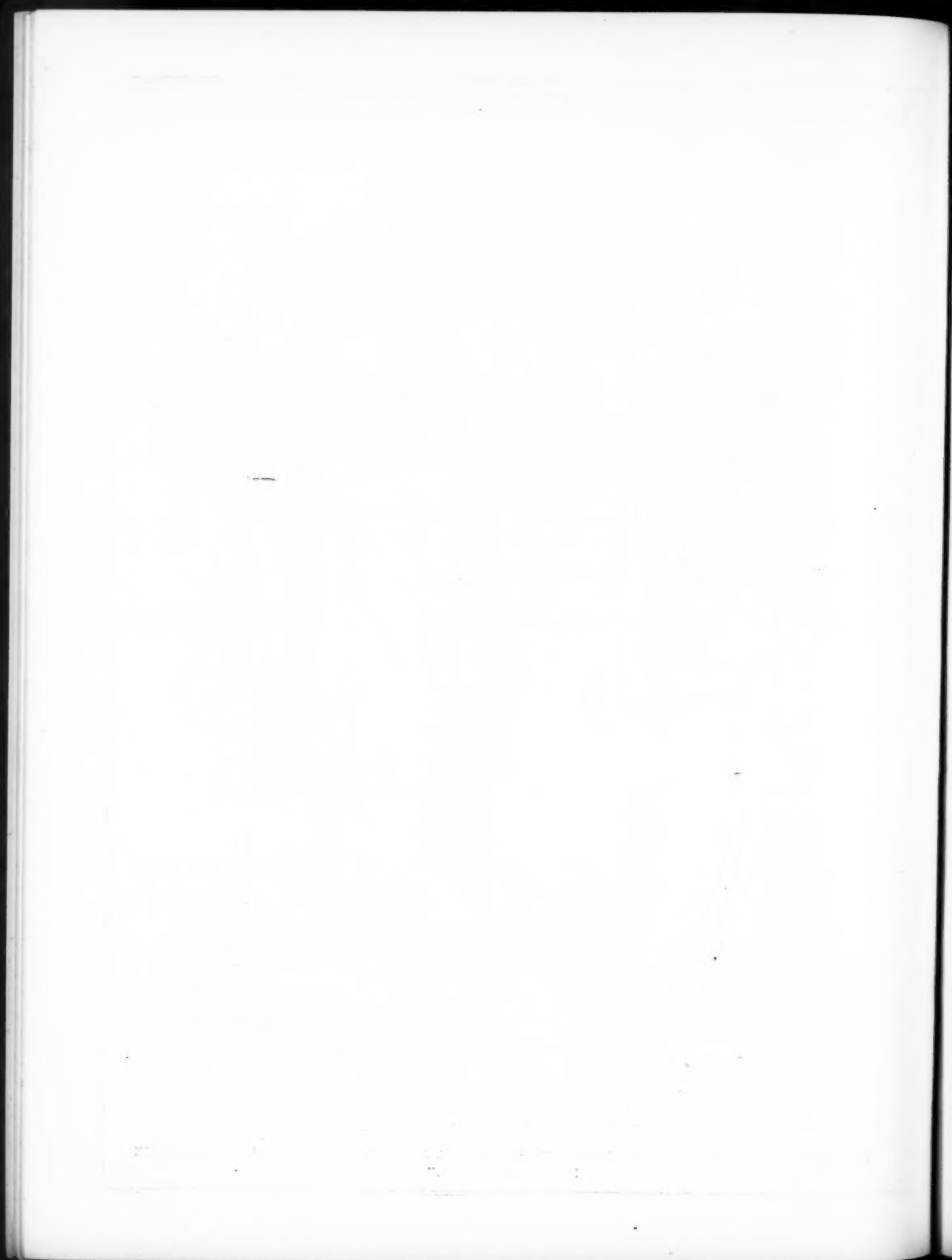
#### Chorus of Babies.

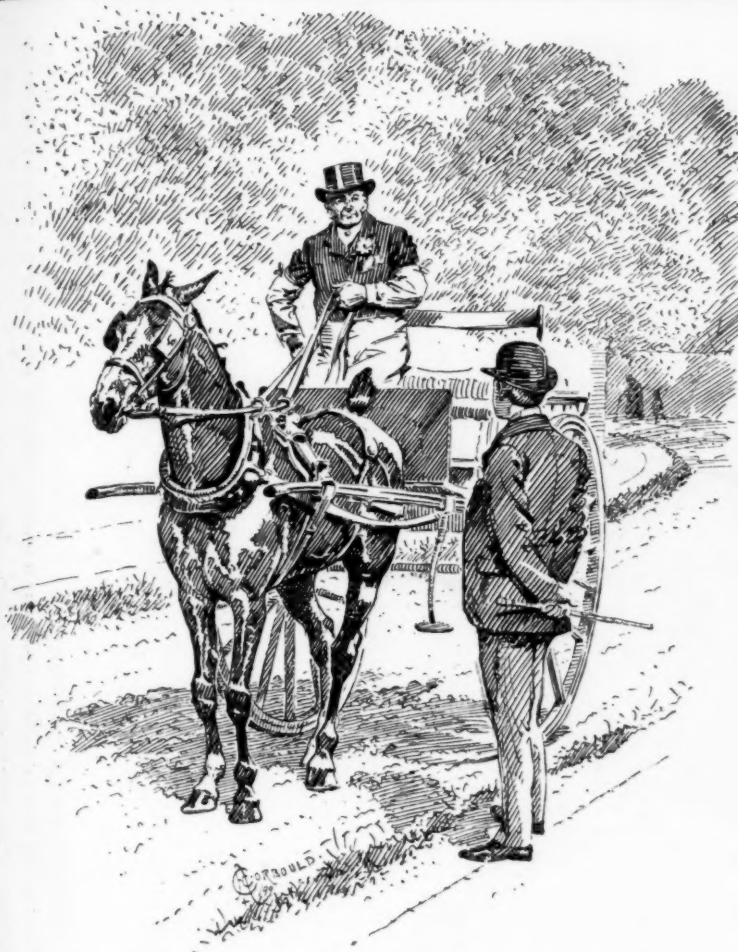
They've stopped our beer, cheese and tea, too,—  
Whatever our appetite tickles;  
And when our milk-molars are through,  
They'll probably cut off our pickles.  
Alas! we are just on the brink  
Of cruel starvation—Boohoo!  
What are we to eat or to drink?  
What are we poor babies to do?



### AFTER THE TRIAL.

THE VOICE OF CIVILISATION. "REMEMBER YOUR GLORIOUS PAST, REGARD THE FUTURE, AND ONCE AGAIN MERIT MY ESTEEM."





"HI AIN'T SEEN YER HOUT LATELY WI' YOUR YOUNG LADY, MR. TIMMS."  
 'SHE HAIN'T MY YOUNG LADY NO LONGER NOW MR. JONES. I MARRIED 'ER LAS' SUNDAY."

# TEST PAPER IN PERSONAL ATHLETICS.

(Prepared for the Winter Examination according to the latest Scholastic Idea.)

1. GIVE briefly the Rise, Decline and Revival of the Noble Art of Self-defence in England from the time of the Ancient Britons to the close of the nineteenth century.
2. Describe critically the fight between TOM SAYERS and JOHN HEENAN. Why was the latter called the "Benicia Boy"?
3. Summarise the "Queensberry Rules." What is the proper weight of boxing-gloves? Did the Romans use hand-protectors? Give the features of the Arena.
4. What do you know of NAT LANGHAM? Who was BEN CAUNT? Give the biographies of any two champions of the ring who were also men of colour.
5. Explain any three of the following: "Planted one in the bread-basket," "Landed a nasty tap on the konk," "Got his head into chancery," "Rattled his ivories," "Came down smartly on his knowledge-box," "Bunged up his peepers."
6. Who was the founder of *Bell's Life* in London, and what became of him? Trace

the career of the journal from its start to its finish.

7. What is a "Knock Out"? Give examples, with diagrams of the blows required to perform the operation.
8. Who was DOMINIE BIRCH? Why did he prefer singlesticks to fists for the settlement of school disputes?
9. What do you know of French boxing? Why is it inferior to the British mode? When may the feet be used in a scrimmage?
10. Give a couple of notable combats described by CHARLES DICKENS. Who was "the Chicken"? Why did he consider it within the resources of science to "double up" Mr. *Dombey*?
11. Give your reasons for believing that boxing is more useful than Greek.
12. Give the weights and ages of the present Head Masters of Eton, Winchester, Westminster, Harrow, Felsted, Rugby, Cheltenham, and Marlborough. Handicap them for a display of lofty fisticuffs.
13. And finally, reveal your opinion on the outcome of the latest Head Masters' Congress, and show that by putting on the gloves you publish your admiration for leather.

## THE SUGAR-CANDIED SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

(See "Punch," September 6.)

COME live with me and be my Love,  
 And we will all the pleasures prove  
 That may be found in Brixton gay,  
 Or in attractive Holloway.

There we will find a villa neat,  
 With all appliances complete,  
 And such a bathroom, h. and c.,  
 As was unknown in Arcadie.

Thence of a Sunday morning we'll  
 Together issue *en famille*,  
 You with our youngest, I, proud Pater,  
 Wheeling the twins' perambulator.

To Hampstead Heath we'll wend our way,  
 Where we will watch our infants play,  
 And, when the star of evening twinkles,  
 We will return to tea and winkles,

Or, if my matutinal bus 'll  
 Permit the luxury, a mussel.  
 If these delights thy mind may move,  
 Then live with me and be my Love.

## THE POINT OF VIEW.—VIII.

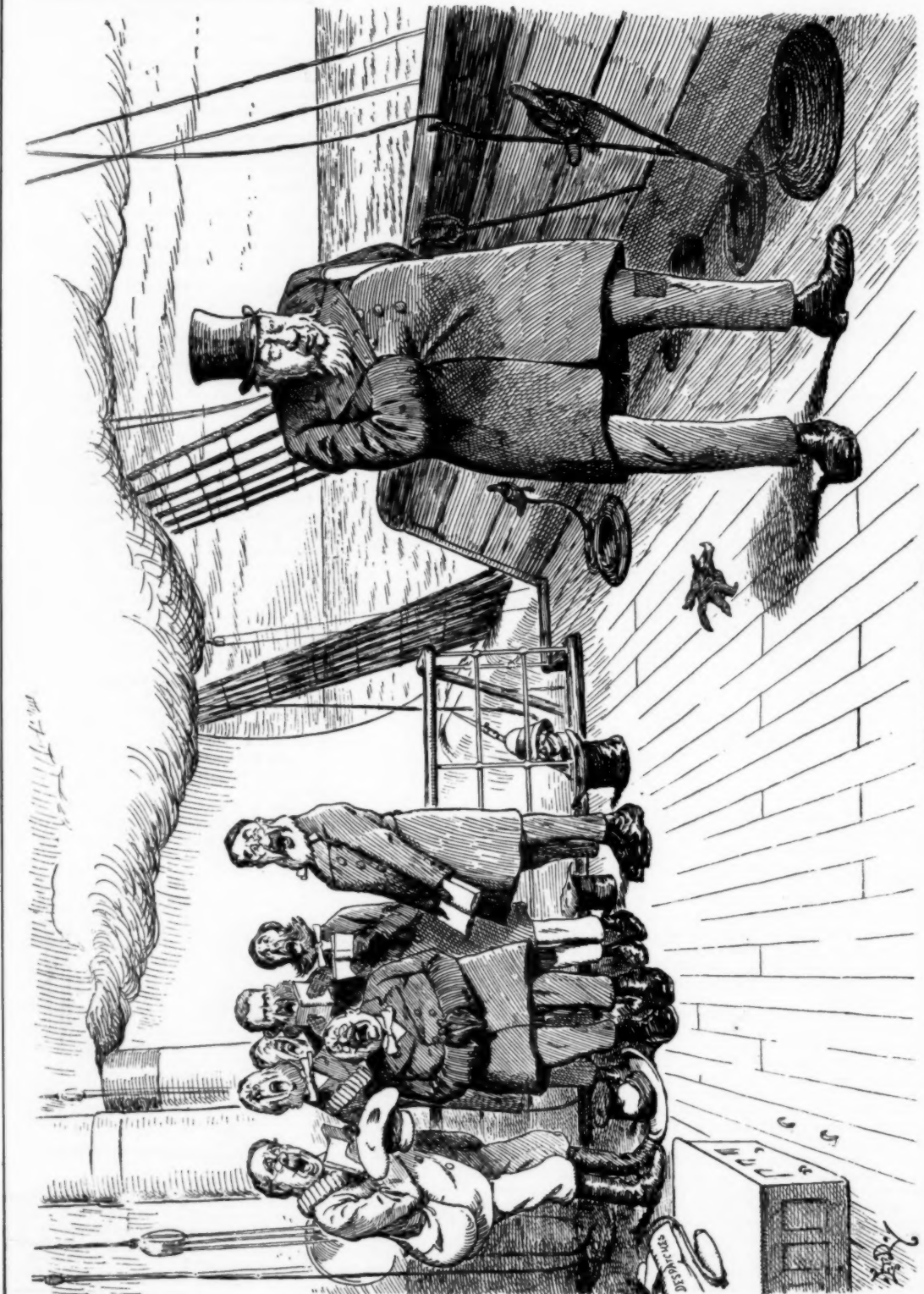
Loch Scrimpy Hotel, N.B.

DEAR MAISTER PUNCH,—I've heerd often enough aboot ye as a kind sort o' buddy, whae putts the world richt, when it has gaun wrang, and I'm thinking to write tae ye, a screed about thae feckless critters, the South'ren tourists whae ower-run Auld Scotland at this time o' the year with their *coo-ponds* and their *excursion tuckets*, thinking to tak their pleesures on the cheap. Noo, the hotels in this country are famed for their vera moderate charges. I mysel have had a real good breakfast (they ca' it *dijohnny* now) for no more than five shillings—that's cheap enough. And as for a bed! weel, no one can find faut with half of a sovereign? And yet thae tourists are aye complainin'. Hotel folk in Scotland should have fixed charges throughout. I, for yin, will make free to say that I will cheerfully pay them, when I find it necessary, one pound ten shillin's for bed and breakfast and maybe half-a-



croon for a good glass of the cratur, as a settler afterwards. If the hotel folk would all agree to some moderate charge like that, they could think aboot Culloden with equanimity!

Yours most friend-like,  
 ALEXANDER MACWHUSTLE.



## UNRECORDED HISTORY.

OOM-PAULEON BOER-NAPARTE ON BOARD THE S.S. "HIGHBURY CASTLE" ON HIS WAY TO ST. JOSEPH, OR SOME OTHER SECLUDED SPOT SELECTED BY THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.  
 (With humble acknowledgments to Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.)

## AN OPEN LETTER.

DEAR SIR,—It is to your influential columns that I would address myself on a subject which has caused me considerable grievance and annoyance. One Saturday night recently I purposed to dine at a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus with a friend. On his recommendation, we chartered a cab at St. James's Park Station, as it appeared well nigh impossible to walk across the Park owing to the crowd and the number of policemen who stood and barred all ways with waving arms. However, we had made no further progress than some hundred yards, when our conveyance was arrested by a minion of the law, and we were forced to get out and walk. Then our difficulties began. Finding all ways barred for no apparent reason, as the voluntary troops were to be met on all sides in small groups, which seemed to argue the end of the review, we were ultimately compelled to steer a circuitous course over Vauxhall Bridge. Making many a detour, we at length debouched upon Brook Green.

Wheeling into Hammersmith we route marched to Piccadilly, where we eventually obtained some food at an advanced hour of the night, hungry, weary, and with ruffled temper. It would appear that on all such occasions, the best plan is to stay indoors until the small hours of the morning, by which time the metropolis may present its usual aspect. Military enthusiasm is one thing. London for the Londoners another. Of the two I prefer the latter. Trusting that I have not encroached too far upon your valuable space, and in the assured belief that you will espouse my cause,

I am, &c.,

AN INDIGNANT CIVILIAN.

P.S.—I was once a Volunteer myself—until they turned me out.

## TOO HOT FOR TENNIS.

(Published without the permission of the Clerk of the Weather.)

I AM feeling limp and lazy,  
And I truthfully can say  
That I think you must be crazy  
Thus to challenge me to play;  
For I sit here and I sweater  
On this hot September day;  
Though the trees afford some shelter,  
I am melting fast away.

Were you in the least discerning—  
But it's plain that you are not—  
You would see I was not yearning  
For a game which makes one hot.  
As it is, I'm scorching, burning,  
Frizzling in this fiery spot,  
And I feel that I am turning  
Brown as any Hottentot.

## ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Read between the Lines.

AUTHOR (of advertisement pamphlets), and his wife, having charming (small and stuffy) house, larger than they require (i.e., larger rent than they can afford to pay), would receive a few (no room for a lot) select (or otherwise) paying guests, literary preferred (occupation of no account). Inferior table; smoke (in any room; electric light (outside); chess, &c.—Address, SCRIBB, Paper Terrace.



## A MODEL ANIMAL.

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS ARTIST BUYS A BULL CALF IN ORDER TO STUDY IT THOROUGHLY. HE IS LEARNING SOMETHING OF ITS WAYS NOW!

## LONDON GOLF.

[“The London County Council now permit persons to practise golf on Hampstead Heath before 8 A.M. on weekdays. . . . No holes, greens, or artificial bunkers are to be made.”—*The Globe*.]

A COCKNEY golfer I,  
Complete with knickers flashy,  
With bulger, cleek, and mashy,  
And caddy, three foot high.  
Each morn, ere Phoebus lights  
My somewhat dingy attic,  
I climb with joy ecstatic  
To breezy Hampstead Heights.  
And there, till eight has struck,  
I drive a record distance,

Hole holes without existence,  
And bravely curse my luck.

For hazards, casual sheep  
Provide me bunkers sporty,  
And men, too old at forty  
Who have no room to sleep.

No trim-kept greens there are,  
But I with wily putter  
Negotiate the gutter  
That guards the “Spaniards’” bar.

Who will may prate of Leith,  
St. Andrews, Hoylake, Reigate—  
Give me the links of Highgate  
And breezy Hampstead Heath!



## COMPENSATION.

Emily Maud. "WELL, I MAYN'T BE 'AN'SOME, BUT I HAM GOOD!"

## BOOK-TEAFIGHTING.

Worlehurst, Sept. 16, 1899.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Who says that there is a slump in literature during the holiday season? If any one can be found to maintain that there is at present no demand for books (or at any rate the titles of them), let him come down south, and he will become a far-gone bibliomaniac in ten minutes. I cannot answer for any other part of the country, but here, at any rate, "Book Teas" are the prevalent mania. The epidemic spares neither sex nor age. I should like to describe the symptoms briefly, for the benefit of those who have not yet been attacked.

The surest indication of an impending fit of "bookteatitis" is an insatiable thirst for library catalogues. MUDIE'S is of course preferred, but a Civil Service list will do. I have even seen a second-hand dealer's circular devoured, in the hope of obtaining the desired relief. Having obtained, at all costs, the coveted stimulant, the patient usually retires to a secluded corner, to digest it and ruminate thereover for several hours at a stretch. Sooner or later, a crisis should occur, showing that the catalogue has achieved its purpose. This, it should be explained, is purely mental, and consists in the discovery of the name of some fairly well-known book, for the sufferer to adopt and wear as a label, more or less cunningly (and punningly) depicted on his or her person at the general orgie. If the consumption of the book-list produce no result, the patient lapses into a state of profound depression or else acute delirium, according to temperament, until the invariable gathering supervenes.

Last Monday was an occasion of the kind, when the malady reached its acme. Your correspondent, who had not escaped the infection, had to go to a country house some nine miles off, to meet and compare notes with thirty or forty other "cases." On arriving, we found them grouped under some trees in the garden, all duly numbered and labelled. They were fairly quiet, considering the gravity of the complaint, and were busy enquiring after, and indeed guessing at, the precise nature of each other's symptoms. No introduction was required. The common bond of sympathy entitled Mr. JONES to walk up to, and inspect closely, Misses SMITH, BROWN, and ROBINSON in turn, though they were perfect strangers to him. Nor were the ladies any more backward in diagnosing the labels of the gentlemen. In fact, they were required and expected to do so. Thus does human suffering produce a beautiful fellow-feeling, and benefits after all accrue to the community. And further, prizes were awarded to the patients whose symptoms were most aptly pictured, or who guessed most of them. As far as I remember, these went to a gentleman who wore the letters "S A" (i.e., "Essay on Man"), and to a lady who was labelled "Kitty's Ma," that is, the cat's mother—"She." There were also two pigs climbing up fences (or BACON'S Essays), a piece of string All of a Twist, a Seven C's, a Burnt Million cheque, with Edged Tools, and Many other Inventions. The cases at length dispersed, doubtless to await another access of the epidemic. Perhaps, however, all the book-catalogues are exhausted by now, and the microbes will develop Play Lunches or Song Suppers.

Yours, recovering, EKSZYED.

## TO BLACKGANG CHINE AND BACK.

## A DAY FROM MY DIARY.

DROVE to Blackgang Chine in a private wagonette. Saw a dog on the way. Impromptu conundrum, When is a dog's tail like a vehicle? When he's a waggin' it (wagonette). The rest of the party wanted to get out and walk. Promised not to do it again.

Arrived at the Chine, found the bazaar closed—Sunday; on week-days you have to purchase an article of the value of sixpence or over to see the Chine.

Not allowed to see the whale or to go into the bazaar on Sunday, but charged us sixpence a head to walk down the Chine, without giving us an article from the bazaar. Isle of Wight natives are strict Sabbatarians.

Walked down Chine. Very hot, nothing to see. Had to walk up again; would gladly have given a shilling not to have walked down Chine. Took the shine out of us.

Went to hotel. Isle of Wight hotels charge exorbitant prices for tea; had before, never no more. Asked their prices for tea. Landlady contemptuously referred us to tariff. Tea and bread and butter sixpence per head. Very good, very reasonable; ordered tea for six. Served in garden overlooking sea, very pleasant; time to be off.

Waiter brought bill. Tea for six, four and six. Asked him to explain how tea for six at sixpence per head comes to four and six. Waiter obliges: threepence per head extra for having it served in garden—no extra charge for use of plates, cups, and saucers. See quite clearly. Beautiful weather, charming view. Every thing first-rate. Tea sixpence. Pleasing surroundings threepence. Cheap at the price. Nature worth the extra coppers. Quite the old notion of a bargain. Delicious prospect—with a cup of tea! Both good, and ninepence the pair!

Isle of Wight natives have peculiar ways of reckoning. Thus eggs at three halfpence each are sold at seven for a shilling; the crab-man sells small lobsters at sixpence each and is indignant because we will not buy three for two shillings; and the bathing man charges fourpence each for two people using one machine, and sells double tickets for five shillings a dozen. Very funny.

## TO A HARDY ANNUAL.

VOICE of the stars, to you we turn,  
Now fleeting Summer wanes once more,  
With keen anxiety to learn  
The portents next year has in store.

Lo! as we read, the future lies  
In awful nakedness outspread;  
Its inmost secrets meet the eye  
Astart to scan its mysteries dread.

We learn with wonder what shall be:  
How "startling news shall come by cable,"  
How "vessels will be lost at sea,"  
And France's fortunes prove unstable.

How (possibly) foolhardy men  
The North Pole will attempt to reach,  
And how the KAISER now and then  
(The stars declare) may make a speech.

Cold winds for March you prophesy,  
For January frosts severe;  
And that in August (or July)  
The great sea-serpent will appear.

That flies in Summer will abound,  
And rents fall due on quarter day,  
And a glad birthday will come round  
About the 24th of May.

And nineteen hundred's mystery  
Predicted by the stars to men—  
That, if not wiser, we shall be  
At least a twelvemonth older then.

ECHOES FROM A SERVICE CLUB.—Q. How about the future of the Empire? A. Splendid! Say they're putting on a new ballet at Christmas!